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LIFE

OF

JOSEPH SALYARDS

SCHOLAR AND POET

HENKEL

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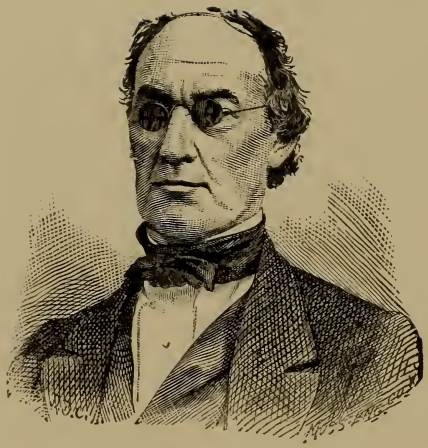

Joseph Salyards

MEMORIAL ADDRESS

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER

OF

JOSEPH SALYARDS

BY

ELON O. HENKEL

NEW MARKET, VA.
HENKEL & COMPANY, PUBLISHERS
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DEDICATED

TO HIS NUMEROUS PUPILS,

SCATTERED THROUGHOUT THE UNITED STATES,

FAITHFULLY EMPLOYED IN THE DISCHARGE OF DUTY,

WHO HOLD IN FOND,

LOVING REMEMBRANCE THEIR TEACHER,

Joseph Salyards,

BY ONE OF THEIR NUMBER,

THE AUTHOR.

INTRODUCTORY.

By special appointment of Prof. W. H. Smith, A. M., President of the New Market Polytechnic Institute, and a committee of the alumni, the author delivered, during commencement week, on Friday night, May 25, 1886, before the Alumni Association of the aforesaid Institution, the MEMORIAL ADDRESS ON THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF JOSEPH SALYARDS, herewith for the first time presented in printed form to the public. In an interview, several weeks preceding the death of Prof. SALYARDS, the author secured many of the facts embodied in the address, and now submits them in their present form as the fullest and completest biography of the deceased yet published. The closing pages contain short extracts from IDOTHEA, a poem written by Prof. SALYARDS, and are thus presented to exhibit his ability as a master of epic, satiric, and lyric composition.

ELON O. HENKEL.

NEW MARKET, MARCH, 1893.

FUNERAL SERVICES.

Prof. JOSEPH SALYARDS, A. M., died at his home at New Market, Virginia, August 10, 1885, at 12.10 o'clock, a. m.; aged 76 years, 4 months, and 1 day. The interment took place on Tuesday, August 11, in Emmanuel Evangelical Lutheran graveyard, adjoining the grounds of the Institution in which he had taught so long and with such signal ability. The funeral sermon, with the subject—The Mission of Man—derived from Genesis 1, 28, "And God said, Replenish the earth and subdue it," was preached by Rev. Socrates Henkel, D. D. (a former student), Rev. J. A. Snyder and Rev. J. P. Stirewalt (a former student) participating in the presence of a large and sympathizing congregation.

The following pall-bearers were selected: Judge George R. Calvert, Dr. Casper C. Henkel, Messrs. George A. Moffett, Samuel P. Shirley, Lewis P. Henkel, M. White Williamson, Prof. William H. Smith, Prof. Clarence H. Urner, Rev. David I. Offman, and Mr. Elon O. Henkel; Mr. Ambrose L. Henkel acting as usher—all former pupils.

During the funeral services, as a tribute of respect to his worth and usefulness, all the places of business in the town closed their doors and suspended active operations. The Board of Trustees of the Polytechnic Institute, of which Institution he was the President and Professor, also adopted resolutions appropriate to his memory.

Such is the brief, but melancholy record of the last marks of honor paid to this remarkable man—this prodigy of learning—who in life was revered and in death lamented.

PROGRESSION.

IS it an evil to be called away
From huts of mud and tenements of clay,
(E'en if we leave our rotten rags behind,)
To lighted halls and banquets of the mind?
The conscious life which fill'd the hapless lamb,
Shall fill again the virgin clay with balm,
In fairer form shall walk the flowery plain,
Endued with joys that triumph over pain.
That spark of life, escaped the smitten dove,
Shall light a brow with lineaments of love,
And syllable along the vocal tongue,
Bright thoughts that never had been felt or sung.
The form we love, and dress with gaudy care,
And wipe our mirrors, to behold how fair,
Turn'd, view'd, admir'd, with all the zest of pride,
Is ripe for Nature when it shall have died.

—FROM IDOTHEA.

MEMORIAL ADDRESS

ON THE

LIFE AND CHARACTER OF JOSEPH SALYARDS.

UNDER the shadow of a great and common sorrow, we come together to-night to lay the wreath of tearful laurel upon the altar of "departed worth." Within the past several months unpitying death has invaded the ranks of the faculty of this Institution, and now Prof. JOSEPH SALYARDS, its venerable president and teacher, no longer occupies the chair he had so long, usefully, and efficiently filled. In the name of that intellect he so zealously strove to instruct, of that warm enthusiasm his ardour inspired, and of that catholic spirit of liberality as opposed to bigotry he so fondly cherished, we come to-night to contemplate the life and character of him who was the guardian of our youth, under whose efficient tuition we attained the Master's degree, and by whom we were dismissed from "these hospitable walls with a parental blessing." In the name of all these tender ties and sacred associations, we come to contemplate his life and character—the struggles he encountered and the successes he achieved, that we, too, may draw hope from the springs of his inspiration and learn lessons of usefulness from his brilliant career.

Indebted more to dame nature than to fickle fortune,

the subject of this address found in the locality of his birth one of the chief elements of his claim to her distinguished favor. Indeed, the physical features of a country have much to do with the inspiration of character and the development of latent genius. To such high degree has this been esteemed a factor, that to its origin the intellectual greatness and historic bravery of the Grecian people, have been rightly attributed.

Says the astute, philosophic Dr. Smith in his history: "Greece is one of the most mountainous countries of Europe." "One of" its "most striking peculiarities . . . is the wonderful extent of its sea-coast. Of all natural objects, the mountains and the sea have ever been the most powerful instruments in moulding the intellectual character of a people. The Greeks were both mountaineers and mariners, and as such they possessed the susceptibility to external impressions, the love of freedom, and the spirit of adventure, which have always characterized, more or less, the inhabitants of mountainous and maritime districts."

According to a tradition in their family, the Salyards ancestry were sea-faring people, as the name indicated when formerly written Sailyards, which, following the general law of language, dropped the superfluous letter.

In what is now known as Warren County, Virginia, near Front Royal, where the Blue Ridge Mountains stand like a Titan, appealing to the circling sky, on April 9, 1808,

JOSEPH SALYARDS was born, breathed, and first beheld the light. In sight of these same awe-inspiring mountains, or of old ocean itself, the statesmen Jefferson, Madison, and Marshall, the orators Clay and Henry, the warriors Washington and Lee, were born, and near the summit of these same grand old mountains, William R. Barbee, the sculptor, caught grace from inspiration to invest marble in poetic garb, whilst at the foot on the opposite side, JOSEPH SALYARDS learned from genius to pen the prophecies of the epic muse. Barbee and SALYARDS—Sculptor and Poet! Twin brothers in the same objective and subjective, imperishable art! O classic climax to the flashing galaxy of Virginia's gifted sons! The land of able statesmen, great warriors, natural orators, and polished poets—beautiful women and brave men—the loved land of the real and of the romantic! History is still repeating the same old story:

The Mountains look on Marathon
And Marathon looks on the Sea!

If the features of the locality of his birth were beneficent and propitious, Nature also endowed Prof. SALYARDS with a wealth of intellect and emotion highly transcendent in their character. Her gifts were rich, lavish, and versatile. Without the adventitious aid of capricious fortune, he attained that remarkable eminence to which his talents and genius, combined with incessant labor, justly entitled

him. To these fountains must we trace his brilliant career, for

> Honor and shame from no condition rise,
> Act well your part, there all the honor lies.

Born in the home of poverty, he was reared by the hand of rude adversity. Of his father, Levi Salyards, but little is known, except that in the early history of our country, he enlisted in the army to fight the Indians, and was never heard of afterwards. His mother's maiden name was Alice Edwards, a native of England, and descended from a noble family—tracing their ancestry back to Edward VI. This fact known, the depth of feeling in the following apostrophe from his poem, IDOTHEA, will be the more fully understood:

> Dear Old England, ever leading
> Onward through the files of Fate,
> Foremost where the brave are bleeding,
> Foremost where the wise debate;
> Mistress of the willing sea,
> Mother of the nations free,
> Friend of Genius, Learning, Art,
> Honest friend of honest heart;
> Source of social elevation,
> Schemes of wide benevolence,
> Pioneer to every nation,
> Up the steeps of Providence!

In what year her parents emigrated to this country, locating at Williamsburg, Virginia, is not known. Whatever talents and genius the son possessed, he seems to have

inherited from his mother, who was regarded as a woman of superior intellect and judgment naturally, though devoid of literary culture. He had one brother, John, and two sisters, Rebecca and Isabella, older than himself, and one brother, Wesley, younger than himself—all of whom are dead. In his sixth year, the family moved to Page County. Here his mother was induced to send him to school, through the importunities of Henry Gander—a youth desirous of his company—to whom is due the honor of having taught him the letters of the English alphabet. Mr. Gander relates that it was with considerable difficulty that he succeeded in teaching him these simple elements, but that afterwards he made very rapid progress. The family having resided here some six or seven years, they moved into the adjoining county, Shenandoah, near Mr. Jacob Rice's—at what is now known as the Yellow Sulphur Spring—on the side of the Massanutten Mountain. William Thompson taught at John Newman's schoolhouse, near New Market, which school young SALYARDS attended. Here he studied nothing but Pike's arithmetic, completing it in forty-five days, the session only embracing that short time. Then, for a year or less, he attended school at New Market under the tuition of George Gilbert —his studies embracing reading, writing, arithmetic, surveying, and algebra. Whilst here, the late Dr. Samuel G. Henkel, and other leading citizens, took great interest in him, and encouraged him, furnishing him with Greek,

Latin, and other books of the dead languages, as well as classical and scientific works. Afterwards Winslow Houston assumed control of the school. In its conduct, young SALYARDS joined Houston, who taught him Latin in remuneration for his services in teaching the mathematics. However, this joint service was not of long duration; perhaps, a year or more. Feeling himself competent, young SALYARDS engaged in the occupation of teaching school at Rader's church, in Rockingham County, Virginia. How long he taught there is not known. After this, he taught a private school at Ephraim Rinker's, in Shenandoah County, Virginia. From Rinker's he came back to Rader's church, where he had married Miss Sarah May about the year 1828. To them the following children were born: George Webster, Erasmus, Amanda, Sidney, Martha, Henry, Emma, Caroline, and two who died quite young. Five survive them—George Webster, Henry, Martha, Emma, and Caroline—all of whom married. The house in which the marriage took place is still standing.

Such is the rude simplicity of the early history of Prof. SALYARDS—a man who was as talented as he was modest; as learned as he was unpretentious.

In his autobiography, Rev. Prof. Samuel K. Hoshour, A. M., late of Indianapolis, Indiana, furnishes the following short account of the early history of the subject of this sketch:

During my connection with the New Market Academy, I had frequent interviews with a pleasant teacher of a county school in the vicinity of the town. In one of our interviews he told me he had an intellectual prodigy in his school by the name of JOSEPH SALYARDS, the son of a poor widow at the foot of the Massanutten Mountain. The youth did not go to school before his fourteenth year. There was nothing striking in his person. In six weeks he learned to read fluently in the most elaborate style,—in two months he mastered Pike's Arithmetic; algebra was a mere pastime with him; and English grammar was disposed of with almost lightning speed! I told my friend I should like to see his "prodigy"; he should send him to my house. He came; and in my first interview with him, he asked me whether I had any author on mental philosophy. I said I had. Would you lend it to me for perusal? Yes, if you take good care of it. I entrusted the book to him; he returned it uninjured. In looking over my library, he saw Virgil attractively bound. He took it down and requested me to read Latin to him,—he had never heard Latin. I read and translated a part of the first Eclogue. After I was done he said, that is splendid!

In the spring of 1828, I received a call to a Lutheran pastorate at Smithsburg, Washington County, Maryland, which I accepted. This brought my scholastic and ecclesiastical labors at New Market, Virginia, to a close. When it was understood that I was about to leave that community, JOSEPH SALYARDS visited me and disclosed to me that that Latin I read for him was still "ringing in his ears"; that he was determined to learn the Latin language, but before he could do that he had to earn money by teaching; and in order to obtain employment in that vocation he needed better attire. He was very destitute in that respect. A short time after this he wrote me a letter of gratitude for the interest I had taken in his case. The letter was unrivaled for beauty of style and appropriateness of sentiment.

I showed the letter to the gentleman that was to succeed me in the academy and urged him to take SALYARDS as his usher, and teach him Latin. The future principal took the letter up town and showed it to some of the leading business men of the place. It was decided among them that no man in the county could equal the production. Interest was gotten up in favor of SALYARDS, and in a short time in a new costume he became usher, acquired the Latin and Greek languages and some of the modern, and for half a century he has been the most distinguished teacher in the Shenandoah Valley. He is at this writing, in 1880, professor in the "Polytechnic Institute," at New Market.

He is the author of a volume of poems entitled IDOTHEA, that has received

favorable criticisms from high authorities on "both sides of the waters." Five years ago he wrote me the following letter:

POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE,
NEW MARKET, VA., APRIL 20TH, 1875.

TO THE REV. PROF. S. K. HOSHOUR,

My First and Venerable Friend:—Many years have passed since I saw you last. I am now old, and you must be still more so. You read to me a part of Virgil's first Eclogue. You inspired me! I have since studied languages, and have cultivated some taste. I have written much, very much; but little of it will appear to the world. I now send you a little volume—a poem. I want you to read it critically. If you will condescend to do so, you may notice it in "Our Church Paper," condemn what you find worthy of censure, and praise, if you find anything worthy of praise. Be pleased to remember that silence is severer rebuke than censure, so please say something.

Ever most gratefully yours, JOSEPH SALYARDS.

In order to preserve from oblivion whatever facts might be obtained, I wrote to a gentleman of Broadway, Virginia, a former pupil and intimate friend of Prof. SALYARDS, Dr. John Q. Winfield, requesting him to furnish me such data as he had in his knowledge and which would be of general interest in biography. How well he discharged that request the following interesting extracts will amply attest:

So far as I am aware, the account of him which I propose to give, supplies a missing link, and comprehends in all probability the gloomiest period of his life.

At one time there stood a log cabin in the midst of a field attached to Dr. Richard Winfield's farm on Linville Creek, Rockingham County, Virginia. The cabin had an old fashioned stone chimney, with a large open fire-place, and was divided by a rude board partition into a small bed-room and kitchen which latter served also as a living room. An attic or rather garret was reached by a ladder from the kitchen. The building was uninviting within and dilapidated without—and its isolation was unrelieved by yard or garden fence, tree, shrub, or flower.

Its furniture was rude, worn, and scanty, and indicated the extreme poverty of the occupants. An old walnut book-case, the shelves of which were crowded with books, many of them handsomely bound and a table near by bearing open books, manuscripts, writing material, and a finely ornamented flute, were to some extent redeeming features, and presented a strange contrast to their surroundings. . . . Here about fifty years ago, at night, seated by the table mentioned, engaged in reading or writing, by a dim sheet-iron lard lamp, I first saw SALYARDS. . . . .

He was dressed in a faded snuff colored suit, his eyes were concealed under a pair of colored glasses—his face was smooth without beard, complexion florid, features regular, and head covered with a heavy suit of disheveled, sandy hair. He seemed to be under thirty years of age—of medium height, and lithe and rounded in form.

I afterwards learned that SALYARDS'S immediate family, at this time, consisted of himself, mother, wife, and three children, and that the other persons whom I observed upon the occasion of my first visit, were made up of a brother, sister, brother-in-law, and a half grown nephew.

Soon a deep-felt want of sympathy and congeniality at his home began to develop itself, and deepening at length drove him into excesses, which pained his friends and admirers and occasioned him many pangs of remorse. To rid himself of the remorse he would plunge into another excess, and for a time cause and effect whirled him around in a giddy, vicious circle. He was extricated eventually, but at a fearful cost of suffering and apprehension.

In early life he had lost by accident or disease the sight of one eye and now he received a severe injury in the other.* He had to be confined at home to a darkened room for a long period, and there endure not only the dread of being shut out in this world during life from the light of heaven, but the fear ultimately of absolute dependence of himself and family upon private or public charity.

His school upon which he had entered had to be closed—he was without bread for his family—without income from any source, and without a dollar in his pocket. But he was not without a most potent friend. The Almighty

*I would here parenthetically remark, that the disease known as ophthalmia destroyed his eye when a boy about four or five years old, as the Professor told me only a month or so before he departed this life; however, he lost the sight of his other eye about a year before he died, and thus became entirely blind.

Father "who doth all things well," was near. The design was not to crush, only to chasten. All the necessaries of life for the afflicted one and his family were furnished from day to day and tendered in so delicate a manner as not to wound his sensibilities, while he received unremitting attention from his physician, accompanied with words of kindness and encouragement. The trial was severe, but he came out of it with his sight in a great measure restored—a better man and better fitted to fulfill a lofty destiny. He resumed his school. "Good and Evil" still stared him in the face, but he had resolved to seek the one and endure the other. At home his books, his thoughts, his flute, and his children whom he always fondly loved, did many, if not all of his "weary, carking cares beguile."

Having attended the several schools as already indicated, the sessions of which continued from three to five months per annum, his whole school life must have been embraced in a course of one or two years, measured by the present scholastic system. Hence, it will be seen that his opportunities in this as in other respects were entirely limited. With such preparation he entered upon his duties as teacher and instructor, and continued his profession without interruption for about fifty-six years—forty of which he spent as principal teacher in the New Market Academy and this Institution. During this period he applied himself most diligently to his profession, prosecuting his studies most assiduously and successfully during all the hours not occupied in teaching, with earnestness and devotion unexcelled—in a word, a faithful, unfaltering, and life-long student. He made himself thoroughly acquainted and familiar with eight languages; namely, Hebrew, Greek, Latin, German, French, Spanish, Italian,

and English, the Arts, the Sciences, and a full course of Mathematics. As a linguist and mathematician, he had, perhaps, no superior in the State.

As an instructor, he was endowed with rare gifts and superior powers. He had a capacity not only for developing and imparting to the best possible advantage, but also of imbuing and inspiring. From the best estimates that can be made, as many as a thousand pupils were instructed by him. A large proportion of his students are occupied in the learned professions and responsible positions in the different departments of life, not only in Virginia, but in other States of the Union. What a great army of students, and what must be their influence for good!

Within two years after the death of his first wife, he married on March 10, 1861, Miss Elizabeth Flory, daughter of Mr. Samuel Flory. This proved altogether a congenial union, crowned with peace and happiness, and was blessed with three children; viz., Joseph, Minnie, and Wesley, all of whom are dead. Their oldest, their son Joseph, one of our fellow alumni, early gave evidence of achieving a bright reputation in the literary world. One of his fictions has already captivated the popular ear, but ere fame has sealed his renown with a radiant star, he has been brought down to silent dust, scarcely having attained his majority, with a literary reputation more than half earned. His son Erasmus, a son of his first mar-

riage, also gave similar bright promise, but alas! too touchingly true is the epitaph on the marble slab, erected by his admiring fellow-students to preserve his memory:

> This votive stone, pure friendship's sacred meed,
> Attests the spot that made our memories bleed;
> Pause, stranger, pause, Erasmus slumbers here,
> Dust dear to youth, to science, virtue dear.

In regard to clearness, euphony, rhetoric, and logic, as a writer the subject of this address had few equals. His compositions were sought by leading magazines and periodicals, to many of which he contributed; besides, he wrote a number of essays, addresses, pamphlets, etc. He also translated and prepared for the press the Historical Introduction to the Book of Concord or Symbolical Books of the Evangelical Lutheran Church, Luther on the Sacraments, and other theological works. So thoroughly was he convinced of the truth and Scripturalness of these Confessions that he desired to be initiated into the Church through the sacrament of holy baptism, which desire was granted about thirty-three years ago.

However, his greatest, most profound, and learned work, manifested itself in a moral or sacred epic poem, entitled IDOTHEA; OR, THE DIVINE IDEA, perhaps, unsurpassed by anything of the kind in the English language.

Poetry may be properly divided into three chief classes; Epic, Lyric, and Dramatic, which with their several subdivisions embrace the entire realm. It is universally

conceded by competent critics, that the epic is the most difficult to create. To such extent is this true, that the number of all the epic poems entitled to high distinction may be enumerated on the fingers of one hand; yet, Sir G. T. Hamilton, K. C. B., in speaking of IDOTHEA in a review prepared for the *Westminster Quarterly*, England, says:

> After a very careful perusal, we hesitate not to pronounce this a great Moral Epic. . . . Like Milton and Shelley, the author of IDOTHEA seems to feel and appreciate the magic of classic and euphonious names, the power of musical terms and epithets. . . . . The pauses and cadences are so musically adjusted, as generally to gratify both the ear and understanding. For the mechanism of musical numbers, let any one take a passage from the first or third IDOTHEA, and a similar passage from Pope, Byron, or Tennyson, read them in connection, and compare them in respect to rhythm, harmony, and ease of expression,—then judge in whose favor the command of language is found. . . . As to power of conception, we doubt, if the whole range of English poetry presents more sublime views than will be found in Idos II., pages 55-72, and in Idos III., pages 97-104.

And this, it should be remembered, is the voluntary testimony of a gentleman distinguished for high literary acumen and critical ability.

In a review, published in the *Sunday Leader*, Wheeling, West Virginia, written by Mr. William Leighton, Jr., of that city, author of the "Sons of Godwin" and several other poetical works, which have elicited highly creditable commendations from the literary world, this poet says of IDOTHEA:

> The work which this poem most resembles in scope of thought, and in general design, is, in the writer's opinion, Young's "Night-Thoughts"; and if

IDOTHEA be inferior to this, its great prototype in force and eloquence, it scarcely is in grace of imagination, while it undoubtedly surpasses the Night-Thoughts in melody of versification.

In this latter respect IDOTHEA is worthy of the highest commendation; its measure is absolutely faultless, and the verse shows everywhere charming effects of harmony of sound, produced by no exact adherence to rule, but spontaneously springing into existence, as wonderful revelations of light and shadow, or of color, follow the touch of an artist's pencil, defying explanation by the clumsy machinery of words.

The spirit that pervades IDOTHEA has nothing of that turgidity or moroseness which often deforms the great poem to which it has been compared, but shows a kind and generous feeling through all its philosophical analysis and criticism of mankind. . . . . .

In conclusion, the writer believes there is no extravagance in the opinion that this work of Professor SALYARDS, filled as it is with striking poetical images, thoughtful philosophy, and delightful verse, is worthy of a high place in American literature, and must receive its tribute of admiration from the world, unless that world be capable of overlooking a Goddess of Poetry herself, though modest, beautiful, and true, if she should come dressed not in strict accord with the style of the day, but wearing garments that, perhaps, suggest the fashions of the past.

Again: "A Remarkable Book"—under this head the Lutheran Board of Publication, Philadelphia, Pa., says of IDOTHEA:

It would require much time and space to describe the exceeding degree of chasteness, learning, poetic genius, and richness of thought and expression that we have enjoyed in reading this gem of a book, which has taken the literary world all by surprise. It is one of those rare books that you will desire to read and study again and again.

But it is asked, What is the design of this great sacred epic, known as IDOTHEA? The universal history of both rudely barbaric and of highly civilized mankind, discloses a knowledge of a Divine Being. To account for the

origin of this Idea and enforce its presence as coincident with the consciousness of good and evil, constitute the ground-work of the poem. The three great departments of the universe, the intellectual, the moral, and the spiritual, are boldly encompassed. Two leading characters, known as Idothea and Erasmus, constitute the heroine and hero of the poem—with a few other appropriate characters. Truth, a divine attribute, disguised under the form of Idothea, impersonates the moral world, whilst Erasmus dominates the intellectual. To each of these three great divisions into which the poem is divided, there is a separate invocation. The invocation to the first division is entitled More Light, exhibiting the intellectual; to the second, More Love, indicative of the moral; to the third, More Liberty, manifesting the spiritual. Idothea and Erasmus, having traversed the moral and intellectual worlds and ascertained "the sources of our knowledge, the origin of our hopes and fears, our affections and desires, pursuing every thought upward from the natural to the supernatural," are finally united in the bonds of matrimony, the climax to the poem being reached with their advent into the spiritual world, the beauties and delights of which are described with the hand of imagination in manner unsurpassed.

To construct the plot, master the detail of machinery, and preserve the general unity of action, required genius of the highest inventive order, language and sentiment

most refined and purest, and power of conception clearest and grandest. And yet with pardonable pride, we can say that Prof. SALYARDS accomplished it, having produced successfully not only the longest and most profound poem, but the only sacred epic ever written by an American poet, his reputation being established not by his friends alone, but by eminent critics both in this country and in Europe.

An edition of five thousand copies of Part I. of IDOTHEA—The Beauties of Truth—was published in Oxford, England, several years ago. Since the publication of the first edition, the work has been thoroughly revised and improved, and is still in manuscript ready for a second edition.

Deemed supremely worthy, he received the degree of Master of Arts, conferred by Roanoke College. He was also elected an honorary member of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy, of which the Rev. Charles F. Deems, D. D., LL. D., is the President.

The following incidents may prove interesting as illustrating his readiness at rejoinder when unjustly assailed:

On one occasion, a peripatetic preacher made his appearance in our town, with boastful pretensions to great learning. At the request of some of his friends, Prof. SALYARDS called on him; and, in the course of conversation, the Professor readily discovered that the preacher was only a vain pretender—entirely devoid of the learning

he professed to have. To test the matter, the Professor adroitly turned the conversation into such channel as utterly to expose his ignorant pretensions, at which the preacher became highly exasperated, remarking, "You must be a semi-fool!" Whereupon the Professor without getting at all ruffled, scanning the preacher, who was a very tall man, from head to foot, replied, "Sir, if I am a semi-fool, you are a whole fool," and walked away amid the chagrin of the preacher and the merriment of the auditors.

On another occasion, during the late civil war, he was approached, at the instance of one of our citizens, by a Federal or Yankee general who desired to gain information concerning the Confederate or Southern forces, as well as know the rendezvous of commissary supplies and refugees. The General having stated the object of his visit, the Professor looked at him intensely and said, "Sir, your dress, bearing, and position as an officer in a great army would indicate you to be a gentleman, and this being my opinion of you; sir, in case I should betray the whereabouts and movements of my own countrymen, what opinion would you have concerning me?" So apropos was the rejoinder, that the General turned on his heel and immediately walked away.

But time forbids my dwelling longer on this occasion in recounting the history of his life. One by one the links that unite us with the past are broken. Our friend,

teacher, and counselor, is gone. The want of his genial presence on this occasion mournfully impresses us with our grievous loss, teaching us the solemn lesson that "whether there be prophecies they shall fail; whether there be tongues they shall cease; whether there be knowledge it shall vanish."

In somewhat impaired health for the past several years, last May he was attacked with facial erysipelas, from which, however, under the skill of his physician (Dr. Casper C. Henkel, a former pupil), he recovered; but the consequent prostration from this sickness, together with an attack of another disorder, proved too much of a strain upon his system already impaired by long years of continuous application to study and constant discharge of duties as author and teacher. The system was sapped of its vital energy, and the body worn out by old age, fulfilled the inevitable law—returned to kindred dust and the spirit to God who sent it forth. His death occurred at his residence in New Market, on August 10, 1885, at 10 minutes past 12 o'clock in the morning, his age being 76 years, 4 months, and 1 day.

"Peace be to his ashes," "pleasant be his memory." His life-work is ended. The ripe, profound scholar has passed away. The venerable form of the loved teacher will no longer excite to manly emulation pupils gathered about his feet to catch his eloquent words of learning and of wisdom. Respectful men, admiring women, and won-

dering children, will never again greet with pleasant smile his genial face, as he was wont to pass to and fro in duty's path; for, his body, bowed with infirmities, has gone down to silent dust, and will be seen among us no more forever. His body rests within sight of the Institution over which he so zealously presided and within the sound of the bell which used to call him and us to learning's ardent shrine. But he still lives in the lives of those he so assiduously instructed: for one is a mathematician, another a linguist, a third a philosopher, a fourth a historian, and still another is a musician, but the subject of this sketch was all these and more—he was a distinguished author and polished poet. If the great army of all his pupils were able to reproduce his learning—the genius of all combined could never create a poem equaling IDOTHEA. But then he has bequeathed that to each of us and to posterity—a rich legacy of his unselfish generosity, and besides that a bright example of untiring industry and distinguished usefulness. If his talents were great, energy and perseverance alone exhibited their highest development. If his genius was brilliant, it spent not itself in intoxicated imbecility, but leaves on record a literary reputation unsurpassed in America in the resplendency of its grandeur. If his early delinquencies displayed the inexperience of immaturity, his surroundings and the perfection of manhood offer apology most satisfactory in his life of self-sacrifice devoted to the discipline and education of

youth and the elevation of humanity upon the plane of unselfish liberality and universal charity.

Let us then strive to emulate his example of industry and perseverance, his many virtues, and from his devotion to learning to inspire others with like enthusiastic spirit. Yes, he still lives! His brow is star-sealed. His reputation is

> Fame's,
> One of the few, the immortal names,
> That were not born to die.

For wherever distinguished talents, lofty genius, profound learning, and tireless energy are admired, his name will be known, and his memory enshrined in their grateful hearts forever. Yes, our tuneful poet still lives as he himself has so sweetly sung:

> Nothing dies; it only passes,
> Like the hills which I have trod;
> Lives are but mysterious glasses,
> Linking all our days to God,
> And the Good Old Man is living,
> In the young, the fond, the fair,
> Life melodious drinking, giving
> Down the chords of light and air,
> Minstrel of the mountain heather,
> We shall always live together.

BEAUTY OF TRUTH.

INVOCATION.

GREAT Source of beauty, inspiration, love,
From life below, to seraph life above,
Maker and Lord of continent and sea,
Thy mercy hath been mindful e'en of me.
For, I have lived where Freedom, Genius, Art,
Descend from Thee and stir the human heart;
O'er all I see the Beauty of the True,
Like stars in fountains, morn in drops of dew;
I hear the voice of ancient Time rehearse
The Veda, Saga, Myth, Aonian verse,
Where man his fresh, ethereal vigor tries,
To solve the mysteries of earth and skies.
I find the future mirror'd in the past,
Thy finger mirror'd in the Fair, the Vast;
I feast with Reason, and bright gleams have shone,
Through Man and Nature, from the blue Unknown;
I lean with Faith, and treasure, line by line,
Sweet revelations from thy Book divine.
And now most thankful for the bliss unbought,
I try the maze of feeling and of thought;
I sing to man how beautiful Thou art;—
O, light and lead this inexperienced heart!

—FROM IDOTHEA.

MAN NOT THE SHRINE.

SATIRIC.

MY golden youth might deem the world to be
Great, good, enlightened, virtuous, happy, free;
But I have seen, e'en in my budding years,
Some human misery, seen some human tears.
Man might be great and happy, if he would,
Some few enlightened, many might be good,
The bard of Mantua tells his country so,
Alas! he proves them happier than they KNOW.
We lose the image of a life divine,
We eat the dust, and grovel with the swine,
Our heart is false, our warmth, a morbid heat,
Our hate instinctive, and our love, deceit;
We barter beauty, waste the bliss we win,
We rage or riot, roll in sloth or sin.
We fight for factions, cringe to pride and power,
And petty tyrants train us to the hour.
Art shapes the column, decorates the hall;
Yet wields the sabre, wings the minnie ball.
Our history is a list of battle-fields;
Our glory means the meeting of our shields.
We talk of justice, learning, liberty;
Yet millions die that conquerors may be free.
Lords boast the work their groaning vassals did:
Slaves rear the column, build the pyramid;
Those marble pavements please the passing eye;
The toil is over, and the tears are dry.
Cries, imprecations, scourges, curses sound,
Those gorgeous halls and palaces around.

Pale Memory reads on pillars high and cold,
The records red of agonies untold.
We form the Court, erect the Senate hall,
Laws, Constitutions;—violate them all;
Belie the Lord of Nature in his face,
And what we do not disbelieve, disgrace.
A world of truth, philosophy, and light,
With Bruno's fagot flashing on the sight!
Of Tasso's dungeon how we love to read!
We burn the martyr, then adopt the creed!
A world that boasts the Beautiful, the True,
With broken arch, and battered wall in view,
Still rolls the wheel of Juggernaut around
A world of science and of arts profound,
That boasts its tombs of marble and of sod,
And builds its temples on the grave of god!
. . . . . .
Away! away! I see no form divine.
Truth, Beauty lives, but man is not the shrine;
To mountains high, to oceans deep I go,
To brooks that murmur, to the winds that blow.
The rocks beneath, the stars that roll above,
May teach me Beauty, teach me Truth and Love;
Adieu the glory and the gates of men!
The rainbow rests upon the mountain glen.

SUSPENSE.

LYRIC.

I'LL weave a wreath of bright hues three,
For the brow of my charming youth,
And say, You must wear it, my love, for me,
This garland of love and truth.
For as its beauty and perfume,
Are shed for thee alone,
Thy true Lorraine, and her youthful bloom,
While they last, shall be thine own,
My love:
While they last, shall be thine own.

But as its sweets, so fragrant now,
Must soon be sigh'd away,
Its leaves upon thy happy brow,
Soon wither and decay,
These charms you love must wither too,
This heart lie cold and lone;
But thou wilt know, Oh! deep and true,
They once were all thine own,
My love;
They once were all thine own.

Not I to Roman, golden shrine,
My orisons can pay;
Thy God, thy worship shall be mine,
Through loving night and day;

When thou shalt seek, at dewy morn,
Some holy spot alone,
Lorraine shall still thy side adorn,
Thy prayer shall be her own,
My love;
Thy prayer shall be her own,

I knew a prayer, dear mother taught
My infant lips to say;—
Sweet words my dawning memory caught,
Are warm and fresh to-day:—
And when she passed, I pray'd it o'er,
Aye, oft in tears alone,
This prayer and thine are two no more;
They both are all your own,
My love;
They both are all your own.

I'll be an Houri, fond and fair,
In Tooba grove with you,
A Peri of the lucid air,
Less beautiful than true.
And when you muse, or wish, or sigh,
Will bring this fragrant zone,
A faithful bliss, forever nigh,
A life which is your own,
My love;
A life which is your own.

MORNING.

THE fading stars reluctantly withdrew
Their keen regard, and dark the coppice grew;
A fleecy paleness overspread the moon,
And orient airs began their whispers soon,
And far the tall oracular pines above,
Passed something like the first faint smile of love;
And something seem'd to whisper down from heaven,
Awake, my sweetest minstrel of the seven!
Ye happy tenants of the wood and lawn,
Arise, my loves, and drink the joys of dawn!
Long, misty lines, of dim, uncertain hue
Reach'd forth, divergent, underneath the blue,
Suffused the stars, and, sloping down the West,
Set rose and ruby in the lunar crest.
Earth lean'd to meet the coming Deity,
And mountains hurried from the West to see.
The orient lines are misty now no more;
The golden reins are flashing at the door;
The gate unfolds,—Time's ancient songs begin;
The king of glory and of day comes in!
Hail, Beauty, Light, Sublimity divine!
This, this is Morning! Guido, what is thine?

—FROM IDOTHEA.

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